

*The History of*

And our induction full of prosperous hope

*Hot* Lord Mortimer, & coosin Glendower will you sit down?  
and vncle Worcester; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the map.

*Glen.* No, here it is, sit Coosin Percy, sit good Coosin *Hot*.  
spur, for by that name, as oft as Lancaster doth speake of you,  
his cheeke lookes pale, and with a rising sigh t he wisheth you  
in heauen.

*Hot.* And you in hell, as oft as he heares Owen Glendow-  
er spoke of.

*Glen.* I cannot blame him; at my natiuitie  
The front of heauen was full of fire shapes  
Of burning creissets, and at my birth  
The frame and foundation of the earth  
Shaked like a coward,

*Hot.* Why so it would haue done at the same season, if your  
mothers cat had but kittened, though your selfe had neuer bin  
borne.

*Glen.* I say the earth did shake when I was borne.

*Hot.* And I say the earth was not of my mind.  
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

*Glen.* The heauens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

*Hot.* Oh! then the earth shooke to see the heauens on fire,  
And not in feare of your natiuitie.

Diseased nature oftentimes breakes forth  
In strang eruptions, of the teeming earth  
Is with a kinde of collicke pincht and vext,  
By the imprisoning of vn ruly winde  
Within her wombe, which for enlargement struiuing,  
Shakes the old Beldame earth, and topples downe  
Steeple and moe growne Towers. At your birth  
Our grundam earth, hauing this distemperature,  
In passion shooke.

*Glen.* Coosin, of many men  
I do not beare these crosing: giue me leaue  
To tell you once againe, that at my birth  
The front of heauen was full of fierie shapes,  
The goates ran from the mountaines, and the heards  
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.

These

*Henry the fourth.*

These signes haue markt me extraordinary,  
And all the courses of my life do shew,  
I am not in the roll of common men:  
Where is the liuing, clipt in with the sea  
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales  
Which cald me pupill, or hath read to me,  
And bring him out, that is but womans sonne,  
Can trace me in the tedious waies of Art,  
And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

*Hot.* I thinke there's no man speakes better Welsh,  
He to dinner.

*Mor.* Peace coosen Percy, you will make him mad.

*Glen.* I can call spirits from the vasty deepe.

*Hot.* Why, so can I, or so can any man:

But will they come, when you do call for them?

*Glen.* Why, I can teach you coosen to command the diuell.

*Hot.* And I can teach thee coose, to shame the diuell,  
By telling truth. Tell truth and shame the diuell,  
If thou haue power to raise him, bring him hither  
And Ile be sworne, I haue power to shame him hence.  
Oh, while you liue, tell truth and shame the diuell.

*Mor.* Come, come, no more of this vnprofitable chat.

*Glen.* Three times hath Henry Bullingbrooke made head  
Against my power, thrice from the banks of VVye,  
And Sandy bottomde Seuerne haue I hent him  
Bootles home, and weather beaten backe.

*Hot.* Home without bootes, and in fowle weather too  
How scapes he agues in the diuels name?

*Glen.* Come, here is the Map, shall we diuide our right,  
According to our threefold order tane?

*Mor.* The Arch-deacon hath deuided it  
Into three limits, very equally:  
England from Trent, and Seuerne hitherto,  
By South and East, is to my part assignde,  
All westward, VVales beyond the Seuerne shore,  
And all the fertile land within that bound.  
To Owen Glendower: and deare coose, to you  
The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent,

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